



“
AWFUL!
And other JINGLES.
By
P. R. S.

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" AWFUL!"

AND OTHER JINGLES



CARL L. BRANDT DEL.

by

P. R. S.

NEW YORK, G. P. PUTNAM & SON

"AWFUL,"

7

AND OTHER JINGLES.

By P. R. S.

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J. Samuel Strong

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1871

New York :

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

1871.

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LANGE & HILLMAN,
PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS,
108, 110, 112 & 114 Wooster St.,
NEW YORK.

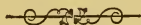
TO
CHARLES NORDHOFF, Esq.,
Author and Journalist,

These Rhymes

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



TO THE READER.



MR. BRANDT'S clever design, which illustrates the title-page of this little volume, is intended to be suggestive of the estimate, in which such of its contents as aspire to be satirical, are regarded by their author.

During the last few years, the writer of these "jingles" has, from time to time, (chiefly through the columns of the "New York Evening Post,") allowed himself to "snatch a fearful joy," in popping away, with his puny weapon, at sundry objects

of a general, though, it may be, an ephemeral interest, as they loomed up on the horizon of our public.

He ventures to hope that, in their present collected form, these attempts at a sportive raillery, not altogether wanton in its aim, and, he trusts, not uncharitable in its conception, may, as "snap-shots," be lightly, and even indulgently, scrutinized by the keen eye of the critic.





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“AWFUL!”

I.

I WAS dining at Delmonico's, a week or two
ago,
With a charming little maiden and her dapper
little beau ;
And I tried, by close attention, as I trifled with
my fork,
To arrive at a solution of the meaning of their
talk.

II.

It was all about a party, which, they said, was
“awful jolly,”
Where their “awful pretty” hostess had an
“awful handsome Dolly ;”

And an “awful cunning necklace,” which her
“awful good papa ”
Had procured for her at Tiffany’s, while shop-
ping with mamma.

III.

Yet ’twould seem there was a drawback to the
pleasures of the fete,
For the “awful stylish ” Reginald arrived “so
awful late,”
And the “awful swell” arrangement of his
“awful nice ” cravat,
And his “awful lovely ” waistcoat didn’t com-
pensate for that.

IV.

Then he flirted—“oh, ’twas awful!”—with that
“awful little minx ”

Who was dancing, after supper, to the strains
of “ Captain Jinks ; ”
And he paid such “ awful compliments ” — ’twas
really quite absurd—
Just the “ awfulest of nonsense that a creature
ever heard.”

V.

I listened, quite bewildered by the babble of
the pair,
Who were sitting at the table, with a very quiet
air ;
And I thought, “ My little darlings, if your
soup were half as hot
Or as potent as your language, it would kill you
on the spot !

VI.

“Now, if such a thing should happen, though
you’d make an ‘awful’ end,
’Twould be fitting retribution for your usage of
a friend—
A grave and solemn Adjective—true Saxon to
the core—
Who should meet with proper treatment, not
be forced to prove a bore.

VII.

“I confess, it sorely puzzles me, to think what
you would say,
If a something *really awful* were to happen in
your way;
For I’m sure, with simple English, you would
never be content,

But your thoughts, in foreign expletives,
would have to find a vent.”

VIII.

While musing in this fashion, (feeling rather
cross and old,)
I forgot about my dinner, which was getting
“awful” cold;
And the adjective kept dropping from the lips
of either child,
Till with “awful,” “Awful,” “AWFUL,” I
was fairly driven wild.





A RECIPE FOR A POEM "IN DIALECT."

I.

TAKE, for your hero, some thorough-bred
scamp,
Miner, or pilot, or jockey, or tramp—
Gambler (of course), drunkard, bully, and cheat,
“*Facile princeps*” in ways of deceit ;
So fond of ladies, he’s given to bigamy,
(Better, perhaps, if you make it polygamy) ;
Pepper his talk with the raciest slang,
Culled from the haunts of his pestilent gang ;
Season with blasphemy, lard him with curses,
Serve him up hot in your “ dialect ” verses.
Properly dished, he’ll excite a sensation,
And tickle the taste of our delicate nation.

II.

Old Mother English has twaddled enough :
 Give us a language that's ready and rough !
 Who cares, just now, for a subject Miltonian ?
 Who isn't bored by a style Addisonian ?
 Popular heroes must wear shabby clothes !
 What if their diction is cumbered with oaths ?
 That's but a feature of life Occidental,
 Really, at heart, they are pious and gentle.
 Think, for example, how solemn and rich is
 The sermon we gather from dear "Little
 Breeches" !
 Isn't it charming—that sweet baby-talk,
 Of the urchin who "chawed" ere he fairly
 could walk ?
 Sure 'tis no wonder bright spirits above
 Singled him out for their errand of love !

III.

I suppose I'm a "foggy"—not up to the age—
But I can't help recalling an earlier stage,
When a Poet meant something beyond a Re-
porter,
And his lines could be read to a sister or
daughter;
When a real inspiration (*divinus afflatus*)
Could be printed without any saving *hiatus*;
When humor was decently shrouded in rhyme,
As suited the primitive ways of the time;
And we all would have blushed, had we
dreamed of the rules,
Which are taught us to-day in our "Dialect"
schools.

IV.

It may be all right, though I find it all wrong,
This queer prostitution of talent in song;

Perhaps, in our market, gold sells at a loss,
And the public will pay better prices for
dross—

Well! 'twere folly to row 'gainst a tide that
has turned,

And the lesson that's set us has got to be
learned;

But I'll make one more desperate pull to be free
Ere I swallow the brood of that "*Heathen
Chinee.*"

March 27, 1871.





TYNG-A-LYNG-TING.

I.

“OH say ! Brother Stubbs, have you heard
how they talk
Of this horrid Low Churchman, who's coming
from ' York,'
And who vows that, next Sunday, he'll preach
without gown
In the Methodist meeting-house here in our
town ?
Why, it's all in the papers, and men, as they
run,
Can read of the deed, that will shortly be
done ;

It will empty our churches, for, most of our
sheep
Will take the occasion to listen and peep ;
And, for many a day, will our parishes ring
With the tiresome jingle of Tyng-a-ling-ting."

II.

" Oh, what's to be done ? can't this outrage be
stopped ?
Can't our tottering pulpits, in some way be
propped ?
Let's run to our Bishop, and tell him the
news ;
His Reverence, doubtless, will shake in his
shoes,
When he hears that without, nay, against our
consent,
A son of the Church has declared his intent

To follow, so blindly, his Master's command,
And to sow his good seed on another man's
land.

Come, on let us hurry to settle this thing,
By stifling the chorus of Tyng-a-ling-ting ! ”

III.

So, straight to their Bishop a journey they
make,
And, at first, the sad news makes him quiver
and quake ;
But his courage revives, as their tale they un-
fold,
And he says, with an accent decided and
bold,
“ Dear friends, there's a canon long buried in
dust,
And terribly choked up with ashes and rust ;

But we'll oil it, and give it some wipes and
some rubs,
And we'll load it with charges of Boggs and of
Stubbs,
And then, as a pæan of triumph we sing,
We'll fire it off with a Tyng-a-ling-ting."

IV.

So the Bishop he delves, and the Bishop he
grubs,
And, by dint of assistance from Boggs and
from Stubbs,
The canon is dragged from the rubbish, which
chokes
Its ugly old muzzle ; and loud are the jokes
Which its obsolete pattern, and straight, narrow
bore
Excite in the crowd, who are waiting its
roar ;

And then they compel our good Bishop of
 “ York ”
To hear all the grievance, and stand all the
 talk ;
And by night, and by day, dreary changes they
 ring,
As they chime their sad anthem of Tyng-a-
 ling-ting.

v.

And then to St. Peter's, to open the court,
The judges, and jury, and counsel resort ;
And good Christian people, with wondering
 ears,
Are waiting to hear a priest tried by his
 peers.
And they call up the case, and the lawyers
 begin
To indulge in their usual, professional din,

And, by bitter invective, and quibble, and
sneer,
To show what a mass of corruption is here.
And really 'tis shocking! what charges they
bring,
As they peal the loud slogan of Tyng-a-ling-
ting.

VI.

Ah me, 'tis a sight at which angels might
weep!
'Tis a harvest of tares for our churches to
reap!
Sweet charity's presence has fled from the
scene,
And good men lose temper, and revel in
spleen;

And the doubters and scoffers, who relish such
suits,
Cry, "Lo, these are Christians! come, judge
of their fruits!"
And the *canon* has burst, and with dissonance
loud,
Has deafened the ears of the shuddering
crowd,
And the pall of its smoke, like a garment doth
cling
To the walls, that still echo with a Tyng-a-
ling-ting.

VI.

Oh! servants of Him whose sole mission
was Love,
Do ye still bear as emblems, the Lamb and the
Dove?

When ye read, from your desks, the sweet lessons that tell,

How He preached in the Temple, and taught at the well,

Doth the sapient glance of your wisdom detect

That he bounded your duties by parish or sect?

Oh! bid these small envies and jealousies cease!

Join *all* in one brotherly anthem of peace;

And, when your glad voices in harmony ring,

They'll drown the harsh discord of Tyng-a-ling-ting.

February 21, 1863.





MEDIÆVAL POTTERY.

A SEQUEL TO TYNG-A-LING-TING.

I.

ON the shelves of old cabinets, costly and rare,
You'll often find bits of Majolica ware ;
An article formerly much in repute,
And oddly bedizened with reptiles and fruit ;
Its choicest productions were ugly and rude,
And its offspring, at best, a fantastical brood ;
But the fame of " Palissy the Potter " and
stoic,
Has lent, to its origin, something heroic.

II.

How charming his history ! Read it and mark
What a flame you can raise, if you'll stick to
the spark !

To bend the rude elements just to his will,
He braved every hardship, with patience and
skill :
He kneaded the clay, and he baked and he
burned,
Till the scale of his destiny finally turned ;
The secret was guessed, and the victory won,
And Majolica shone in the light of the sun.

III.

Well, men are but clay ! and to mould us to
aught,
That is broad or contracted in action or
thought,
We need but a Potter, who'll knead us as well,
And will bid our proportions to narrow or
swell.

There are times, when a lengthy and stern
admonition,
Might work a vast change in our Christian
condition;
Perchance, it might point us the way to our
home,
If free from all doctrine that savors of Rome.

IV.

There are sights at St. Albans from which, we
should think,
Any orthodox churchman, with horror, might
shrink;
In the Chapel of Trinity, mass has been sung
By priests, who rejoiced in a "classical tongue."
But, *for these*, the strong arm of "the Church"
has been stayed,
And the voice of her thunders most strangely
delayed,

And "Our Protestant Lady" has failed to
protest,
For reasons (no doubt), which are wisest and
best.

V.

Are we turning a page of the present or past ?
Is the cloud mediæval still over us cast ?
Do we live to enforce narrow edicts that bind
Each generous impulse of conscience and mind,
Then lull us to slumber, so lasting and deep
That no noisy Reformer can trouble our sleep ;
And forbid all repairs to our mouldering wall,
Though its time-honored arches should
threaten to fall ?

VI.

The Potter can fashion (in suiting each case),
One vessel to honor and one to disgrace.

He can give, to his work, the broad stamp of
his age,
Or the quaint, crabbed lines of an earlier
stage;
But, in moulding "Church Articles," let him
beware,
And handle his tools with particular care!
For the lightest of shocks to the frail manu-
facture,
Will sometimes result in a terrible fracture.

April 7, 1868.





“OUR LITTLE BOYS IN SURPLICES.”

“He [Dr. H.], for one, was willing to dispense with the services of ‘our little boys in their customary dresses,’ if the consciences of certain delegates were troubled by their presence, though he could not understand such *squeamish* feelings.”—*Remarks in General Convention, 1868.*

I.

OH! we’ve heard full enough of the “boys in
gray,”

And “the boys in blue” have had their day ;

And now I submit that it’s orthodox, quite,

To speak a few words for our boys in white ;

Those nice little fellows in surplices.

II.

How sweetly they look as they stand in a
row,

With each dear little mouth rounded just like
an O,

And their cheeks all aflame, as they strain at
the notes,

Which rise to the skies from their pure little
throats!

Those good little boys in surplices.

III.

Men's voices and women's, are all well
enough

To sing about love, or some other such stuff;
But, to fill a high church with melodious
noise,

You may trust to my word, there is nothing
like boys;

Like our own little boys in surplices.

IV.

'Tis true, there are worshippers, "squeamish"
and low,

Who look on the thing as a kind of a show,

And who roundly complain, with a shrug and
a sigh,
That the little boys' voices are rather too
“high,”
In spite of the weight of the surplices.

V.

Now, really, such people are naught but a
scandal ;
We can't have a mass, and we can't light a
candle,
But some one objects to those innocent joys,
And now they're attacking our poor little
boys ;
Those sweet little darlings in surplices.

VI.

You may pile up your pillows, ye merciless
crew !
But our babies shall never be smothered by you;

34 "OUR LITTLE BOYS IN SURPLICES."

For their "Tower" is proof against all that
annoys,

And we'll fight, to the last, for our "Trinity
boys ;"

Our little pet choir in surplices.





A PROTESTANT'S APPEAL TO
FATHER HYACINTHE.

OH, wandering Priest, whose very name is
fragrant,

Sure thy offences must be sadly flagrant,
Since thus they drive thee to our sheltering
nation,

Chased by a Bull—of excommunication !

Canst thou not swallow down, with due hu-
mility,

This doctrine of “Papa’s” infallibility ?

Are not the virtues of the line pontifical

Printed in type, distinct though hieroglyphical ?

Have any of St. Peter's "true successors"
Ever been known to walk with the transgres-
sors?

Have they not all, by wisdom, love, and meek-
ness,
Proved that a Pope is free from human weak-
ness?

We cannot help admiring thy sincerity,
But still we shudder at thy rare temerity;
Clearly, thy "status" as a Priest is critical,
If measured by the standard Jesuitical.

Well! now thou art our guest; and hospitality
With us is no vain shadow, but reality;
If anything that flies can see through it,
We "guess" *our Eagle* is the bird to do it.

Thou'lt find our worshippers a "mixed assortment,"

Quite various in doctrine and deportment ;

Some are "sky-high," while others make objections

To pictures, candlesticks and genuflexions.

Mormons and Baptists, Methodists and Quakers,

Jews, Turks, and Puritans, and Sabbath-breakers,

Saints, Pharisees, and publicans and sinners,
Will surfeit thee with flattery and dinners.

"Let us have Peace!" why hesitate? "cui bono?"

Choose now for Luther or for "*Pio Nono*!"

Come out *flat-footed*! let us plainly gather,

If thou art still in thrall to "Holy Father."

Don't keep us waiting ; for, in long procession,

We Protestants are wild for thy possession ;
From Trinity 'way down to Plymouth Chapel,
We're quite prepared to wrangle, close, and
grapple.

So, Father Hyacinthe ! dear friend and brother,
Will thou not, *please*, be one thing or the other ?
Jump off the fence ! thy bellowing foe's behind
thee ;

Land on *our side*, and take the part assigned
thee.

October 29, 1869.





THE PEACE JUBILEE.

(*Gothamitus loquitur.*)

I.

Go it, Boston ! Well, now, really,
This is *something like* a show ;
Gallant little bantam ! clearly,
You have earned the right to crow.
Goodness gracious ! what's the matter ?
Why this cock-a-doodle-doo,
Piercing with its startling clatter,
All the country, through and through ?

II.

What has roused this "dreadful pother,"
All this tempest in a pot ?
Break it gently, Yankee brother,
But in mercy tell us what.

“Peace,” you say ; but, comrade, surely
Not the *peace* of long ago !
Why, ’tis years since we securely,
Settled with our Southern foe.

III.

Then, besides, that little quarrel
Was a family affair ;
Boots it now to preach its moral
With your noisy trumpet’s blare ?
When our erring, “wayward sisters”
Tossed the sponge, ’twas quite enough :
Why keep clapping on such blisters,
As your jubilees and stuff ?

IV.

Let the grim Past sleep in quiet.
“Onward,” “onward,” be the word !
Wake not, with untimely riot,
Mem’ries that should not be stirred.

O'er those scenes of crime and folly,
Gently drop oblivion's pall;
Can't you manage to be jolly
Without making such a squall?

V.

What? you say you can't? then *go it!*
Crow your loudest; rack your domes;
While you *cannon-ize* your poet,
You'll be constant to your *Holmes*.
So, at least, you'll be domestic,
And you'll meet with great renown,
As your owl, with flight majestic,
Hovers over Boston town.

June 16, 1869.





THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

A SEQUEL TO THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

I.

"ARTHUR is come again!"

(*Vide* your Tennyson).

Let us extend to him

Welcome and benison!

Treat him to canvas-back,

Terrapin, venison—

Ne'er shall Victoria

Twit us that any son

Born "in the purple," has met with neglect,
From a nation that holds her in honest respect.

II.

“Arthur is come again!”

Never a girl in

Our jubilant city

But dreams of a whirl in

The arms of the hero,

Whose coming, old Merlin

Predicted as certain,

(Though, whether at Berlin,

Or Paris, or Gotham, he didn't define),

And a smile from “the Prince,” as he passes
the wine.

III.

“Arthur is come again!”

List to old Trinity.

What a clear case of

Elective affinity!

Soon as he reaches that

Fane of divinity,

Even before he has
Set his foot in it, he
Hears the loud anthem of "God Save the
Queen,"
And finds, though it's Sunday, he's in for a
scene.

IV.

"Arthur is come again!"
Good! let him come!
At *our* simple "Round Table"
There's plenty of room.
If (by chance) in his pocket
He happens to hold
What the thief "Alabama"
Has cost us *in gold*,
We'll forget we're republicans: yes, and I ween
We'll all join in the chorus of "God Save the
Queen!"

February 3, 1870.



A NEW YEAR'S BALLAD.

“Le roi est mort ! Vive le roi !”

I.

MY stars, what a baby ! just see how he kicks !
Why, he's bubbling all over with frolicksome
tricks ;

Look ! he's climbed to the box, and got hold
of the reins,

And he's dashing, like mad, o'er the moun-
tains and plains.

Though a very fresh chip from a very old block,
He gives ample assurance to warrant his stock.

II.

Well, let him roll on with his fuss and his clat-
ter,

To bless and to ban, and to build and to batter ;
But one thing is sure, whether racing or creep-
ing,
As he isn't Bissextile, he won't take to leaping ;
Fewer days than his father, he's doomed to
survive,
Who had three-sixty-six to his three-sixty-five

III.

And what will he see, in his rollicking flight,
With its flickering changes of shadow and
light ?
What new star of hope is he likely to find ?
What beacon, to scatter the mists of the
mind ?
What temple of wisdom, whose builders have
wrought
With a holy design in their labor and thought ?

IV.

How he'll pause, with a comical stare of surprise,

When the picture of Europe unfolds to his eyes!

With her lions, and eagles, and roosters, and bears,

All sullen, and watchful, and burdened with cares ;

All waiting a chance to give point to the moral,
That "might makes the right," when you settle a quarrel.

V.

Will he cheer up the heart of that heir of St. Peter,

Who is singing, just now, in such very short metre ;

Who still jingles his keys in the ears of his
flock,
But objects, like A. Pope, to the "Rape of the
Lock"?
Will he tell him of Protestant folks in the
West,
Who would seem to be winging their way to
his nest?

VI.

I'll wager he'll pass, without turning his head,
Over Asia and Africa, twins of the dead;
But he'll take a good look, as he hurries along,
At our model republic, so lusty and strong;
At the stars we have rescued, the stripes which,
of yore,
Were a jest to the witlings who thronged to
our shore.

VII.

He will find us (God grant he may leave us) at
peace,

With a will to advance, and with room to in-
crease ;

With our own chosen leader, whose prayer,
like a balm,

First stole to our hearts with its promise of
calm.

He will find us not thankless, though sifted
and tried ;

With our past as a warning, our future to
guide.

VIII.

Then a health to the baby ! come, comrades,
unite

In a " Welcome, sweet stranger, so active and
bright !"

Let our jubilant voices in harmony chime
To this heir of the seasons, this bantling of
Time,
Till the wondering nations grow sick of the
riot,
And beg that we'll be just a trifle more quiet!
January 1, 1869.





OUR LAST SNOW STORM.

“Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ

“Grandinis misit Pater,” etc.

HORACE, Carm. ad. Cæs. Aug.

I.

YES, Horace was right! It would ruffle a
saint,

To see how the snow-flakes are tumbling ;
Why, even Old Boreas howls a complaint,
And scatters them, scolding and grumbling.
They *whiten* our streets, which had *Whiting**
enough,

Before this last dose of a “perilous stuff,”
Which threatens destruction to body and
bones,

As we stumble and reel on the slippery stones.

* The street contractor of the day.

II.

They say that our city is sewered: no doubt;
But that doesn't help our condition;
For 'tis *Seward* himself who has brought this
about,
In his *role* of "the Great Politician."
He'd have done well enough, had he stopped
with St. Thomas,
But Alaska, he ought to have kept away from
us;
And Congress should, really, pass laws of pre-
vention,
To guard us, in future, from Arctic extension.

III.

This may be a March, but it's awfully slow!
'Tis as slow as the "Dead" one in "Saul;"

While singing of flowers, we're choked with
the snow,

And our melody ends in a squall.

Our frost-bitten sparrows, who lately foretold,
That winter was over, look dreadfully "sold,"
And seem as unhappy, and dumpish, and
dreary,

As if they had met with a "corner" in Erie.

IV.

Well, all things must end, and with "suffer-
ance strong,"

We'll wait for a change of the scenery;
But we cannot help fearing, that something
is wrong,

With the works of our planet's machinery.
Should her axle want greasing, sure naught
could be done

To bring us again within reach of the sun,
Unless Dr. Hayes, or some other good soul,
Would just dribble a cargo of oil at her Pole.

Vernal Equinox, 1868.





THE DEATH-SONG OF THE "LOEW"
BRIDGE.

OH, why was I born, since so quickly I die?
Will any good Christian please answer me
why?

Unpitied, unwept, and (it may be) unsung,
On a pile of old scraps, I am doomed to be
flung.

But my wrongs shall find utterance yet, ere I
go,

And our city shall ring with the voice of my
woe.

Two summers have tried me with torturing
fire;

The snows of two winters have vented their ire ;
I have borne all the heat, and resisted the cold,
With a spirit unyielding, and constant, and
bold ;

No shameless accuser has dared to pretend,
That I ever have threatened to waver or bend.

When, o'er the packed thoroughfare known as
Broadway,

My youthful proportions first greeted the day,
With what loud hosannas, they shouted my
name,

How they vied with each other, to herald my
fame !

But, alas ! all these laurels are torn from my
brow,

And none are "so poor, to do reverence"
now.

Oh ! spare me a little, that I may renew

The pictures and scenes, that have dazzled my
view,

Through all the long gallery, stirring and rife
With the phantoms, that whirl in the mazes of
life.

Let me list, once again, to that Babel of
throats,

That roar of the crowd, as it rises and floats.

Under me, over me, surging, a throng,
Ceaseless and restless, has hurried along ;
Men, who were cankered by Mammon and
care ;

Women, with burdens unseemly to bear ;
Children, who climbed me with innocent feet,
Thrilling my frame with their frolicsome beat.

Proudly and joyfully, under my arch,
Soldiers have moved to the strains of the
march ;

Slowly and sadly, the car of the dead,
 Hollowly rumbling, has followed their tread ;
 Life in its sunshine, and death in its gloom,
 Guests for the banquet, and food for the
 tomb !

But, now it appears, I'm no longer the fash-
 ion ;

(Were I not iron-clad, I should burst in a
 passion ;)

There is " metal " 'twould seem, " more at-
 tractive " to many,

Who swallow a guinea, but strain at a penny ;
 And the merciless foe, who first pointed his
 guns,

Has just scrawled on my body some pitiful
 puns.*

* On the partially demolished bridge, hung several placards bearing inscriptions of a humorous character, in which the name of its life-long enemy, "the hatter," figured largely.

There! he's coming already, to stifle my
prayers ;

He's unscrewing my bolts, and removing my
stairs :

My life and my strength he is sapping away,
But I *won't* be *abridged*, till I've finished my
say :

Though too humble and *low* to be storied in
verse,

I have strength enough yet, for a withering
curse.

Oh! wretch without *feeling*, though not with-
out *felt*,

Who hast *killed me by pelting*, yet *livest by*
pelt,

When Winter shall loosen the links of his
chain,

And the snow-covered pavements are flooded
with rain ;

When the crossings are strangers to shovel
and brush,
And you wallow, knee-deep, in the mud and
the slush,
When drenched and bespattered by horses
and wheels,
Cold, weary and wet, you crawl home to your
meals,—
Oh, then, may the ponderous weight of my
wrath,
Prove a clog to your feet, and a snare to your
path!
May you stumble and plunge in your
devious course,
Till your bosom is charged with the pangs
of remorse,
And a healthy resolve shall be wrought in
your brain,
That, if you are spared, YOU WILL BUILD
ME AGAIN.

Then, stately and grand, in proportion and
size,

My form, like the Phœnix, once more shall
arise ;

With “all modern improvements,” adorned
and perfected,

A second edition, revised and corrected.

December 17, 1868.





OUR NEW FIRM: A BROAD-STREET
BALLAD.

I.

SOME tales of mythology
Need an apology,
For, they're of outrages full!
But, as touching Europa—
Now, did she elope, or
Was she entrapped by the Bull?

II.

There's a palpable mystery
Clouding this history,
As to the prominent agent:

And I'm tempted to swear,
'Twas a beast of a Bear,
Who played the first part in the pageant.

III.

True, in that legend olden,
We read of "horns golden,"
And "hide that was white as the snow,"
And of "caper and antic,"
That lent a romantic
Effect to the charms of her beau.

IV.

But, our friend Mr. Taurus
Is here set before us,
In such an improbable light,

That I'm sure 'twas Sir Bruin,
That plotted her ruin,
And compassed her desperate plight.

V.

Perhaps 'tis her fate
That's one cause of the hate
Which our ladies evince to the fetters,
That a greater brute—man—
Has attached—all he can,
To the moiety known as “his betters.”

VI.

In these days of Sorosis,
A metamorphosis
Appears, that's as odd, to the full;

For, who knows, should he meet
Mrs. (Blank) on the street,
If, just now, she's a bear or a bull?

VII.

Well! if ladies will amble
On hobbies, and gamble
In stocks, like the Broad Street "elect,"
Let us trust that our brokers,
(Those pretty rough jokers),
Will treat them, at least, with respect.

VIII.

May our Bulls and our Bears,
In this venture, go shares ;
And, (whether as debtor or lender)

Not forget that "our firm"
Is a delicate germ,
Which, when parsed, is of feminine gender!

IX.

Let the "Medical Student,"
(Who never was prudent,
When brass might ensure him *éclat*,)
Do his utmost to vex,
And to jeer at, "the sex,"
With a "*nous avons change cela*."

X.

I say, give them full swing!
'Twere a capital thing,
If they'd get us "the rhino"—and, maybe,

The time will arrive,
When the "creatures" who wive,
Can stay home and look after the baby!

February 14, 1870.





SONG OF THE PROTECTIONIST.

SING a song of Tariff: prices are so high,
Everybody wants to sell, and nobody to buy ;
When the ports are opened, we'll all begin to sing ;
For Common Sense will govern us, and Cotton *won't* be
king.

I.

YES, indeed, 'pon my word, it is simply absurd,
This foolish and fierce agitation,
Which, by fits, now and then, some unprincipled pen,
Will excite, to embarrass our nation.
And, for what? Just because certain Revenue
laws,

(To which *we've* no sort of objection,)
Have kindled a fire of pestilent ire,
Which *roars*—at the name of Protection.
Then, sing fol-de-rol-lol, fol-de-rol-lol ;
Keep our rickety engine in motion !
We are proud of each thump of her wheezy
old pump,
Drawing toll from the land and the ocean.

II.

Rich Dives may growl, and poor Lazarus howl,
When they think of the cost of commodities,
Which, at quarter the score, on some *alien*
shore,
Would be viewed as the queerest of oddities ;
But, while bold Captain Greeley, so loudly and
freely,

Forbids us to yield to dejection,
 We'll fling out our banner in orthodox manner,
 And sing of the charms of protection.
 Then, sing fol-de-rol-lol, etc.

III.

Sure, with all the restrictions and weary inflictions,
 Which good Madame Tariff imposes,
 With her duties and taxes, we'll grind up *our*
axes,
 While *the rest* may look out for their *noses*.
 Let's keep everything dear!—it will be very
 queer,
 If folks do not see the propriety,
 Of lauding high prices, and saying “How
 nice is
 This tribute, we pay to society!”
 Then, sing fol-de-rol-lol, etc.

IV.

We don't want the people to climb up the
steeple,

And see, in the haze of the distance,
How cheaply and kindly, the seed, scattered
blindly,

Matures, without *special assistance*.

We don't want the notion of simple devotion
To labor, content with its "penny,"
To come, forcing its way (at least not in *our*
day),

And deranging the projects of many.

Then, sing fol-de-rol-lol, etc.

V.

'Neath Monopoly's ægis, so vaunted by sages,
Who *ought* to know wisdom from folly,

We'll be full of assurance and hopeful endurance,

And, (while we grow rich,) we'll be jolly,
But, alas ! a prediction of coming affliction,
Begins to intrude on our quiet ;

And, ere closes the season, perhaps we'll have
reason,

To judge if our stars will deny it.

But, sing fol-de-rol-lol, etc.

VI.

If Congress will, on-ly just "let us alone,"

We'll be happy, and strong, and defiant ;
And we'll laugh at each raid of this host of
Free Trade,

With its veteran chief, Mr. Bryant.

But, ah me ! in that host, men who cling to
their "*Post*,"

(And who don't lack for courage or muscle)
Are about to unite, and to gird for the fight,
And who knows what will come of the tussle?
Yet, sing fol-de-rol-lol, fol-de-rol-lol ;
Keep our rickety engine in motion !
We are proud of each thump of her wheezy
old pump,
Drawing toll from the land and the ocean.

January 24, 1870.



THE "LOST CAUSE."

Vide Wade Hampton's Speeches.

LAST night, as I was wandering home,
And musing on events to come,
Dimly, from out the ruddy glare
Of gaslight, shimmering through the air,
An image of a dusky hue,
Loomed slowly upward to my view.
With reeling step, it groped its way,
Till, 'neath a lamp-post's quivering ray,
I caught the letters C. S. A.
I saw the rusty suit of gray,
Which clothed a figure, tall and thin,
Most strongly redolent of gin ;
Fast clinging to the iron shaft,

It coughed, and whined, and feebly laughed;
And then, from faltering lips, "there rung
These accents of" a tipsy tongue:—

"I say, my friend! now just look here!

Where can it be? 'tis very queer!

But, though I've hunted o'er the Park,

And searched the city through till dark,

I cannot find the thing I've lost;

Though rivers, mountains I have crossed,

I've failed to get a single trace,

To guide me to its hiding-place.

Somehow 'tis gone, and, like Othello's

Or some of those old fighting fellows,

My 'occupation's' with it fled,

And I might just as well be dead.

Say, can't you help me in my search?

Don't leave a brother in the lurch."

"What hast thou lost, O grisly sprite,

Strange, dubious phantom of the night?
What vanished gem of priceless worth,
Dooms thee to wander thus on earth?
Describe the thing, and for the rest,
I'll gladly aid thee in thy quest."

"Why, look here, mister! (the reply
Was clogged with many a maudlin sigh),
I've lost the *Cause*, the Cause (d'ye see?)
Worth more than aught beside to me;
The noble Cause, which for long years,
Drenched all our land with blood and tears:
The righteous Cause, whose naked truth
Was loudly preached by gallant Booth;
The Cause whose fall, by *Seymour's* aid,
Though not averted, was delayed.
I, sir, am one of Seymour's '*friends*';
We're working both for common ends;
He's mighty smart, I don't deny,

But what of that, sir? so am I!
I've strung up niggers by the score,
I've held the torch to house and store;
I've lots of Yankee scalps, to show
My mode of dealing with a foe;
I'm not a reconstructed flat,
No, sir! you bet your life on that!
But, somehow, things ain't looking bright;
You see, they whipped us in the fight;
And, though our brothers at the North,
Are putting all their muscle forth,
By choosing copper-headed men,
To set us on our legs again,
The masses, clearly, don't incline
To 'keep the ranks,' and 'toe the line,'
And stupid asses, such as Grant,
Seem just exactly what they want.
Our cause is lost! The Southern heart
So often fired, has played its part;

And, sunk to dimness and decay,
The flame is smouldering fast away.
The Cause is lost ; but, wandering round,
I'm trying if it can't be found ;
I've sought to clear my failing sight,
By drinking cocktails day and night ;
I see all other objects double,
Except the object of my trouble.
Come, stranger, lend a helping hand ;
Aid me to search, or else to stand ;
For somehow things are spinning round"—
Just here, he pitched upon the ground ;
A senseless mass, he reeled and sunk,
A case of "most decided drunk."

Spurning the creature as he lay,
With loathing soul, I turned away,
And thus in sad, yet grateful strain,
My thoughts resumed their track again :

Yes, it is lost ! thank God, 'tis lost !
Long was our stately vessel tossed,
With shattered planks and canvas rent,
Till the foul storm, at length, was spent.
Now justice to the faithful few,
Who stood, unbribed, amid her crew,
Till willing hands could mount her deck,
And save her from the threatened wreck ;
Now, decent homage to the dead,
Who, for her rescue, starved and bled ;
Respect for men, whose forces gone,
With crippled limbs, still struggled on,—
Demand, that while o'er all the past,
A pardoning veil we freely cast,
This motto stand recorded yet :
“ Let us forgive, but not forget.”
Let treason whine a doleful stave ;
Let Hampton's tears bedew its grave ;
We've buried it so fast and deep

That noisome weeds shall never creep,
From out its festering decay,
To spread anew their baneful sway.
Thank God, 'tis lost ! that venom'd chain
No hand shall ever forge again !
And now, when baffled traitors try,
To make *their shame* a rallying cry,
When lips which, but a few years past,
Breathed fire and slaughter to the last
Ply all their eloquence and art,
To rouse some pity in the heart,
For the " Lost Cause," the " dear Lost Cause,"
Shall such stale tricks command applause ?
Nay ! treat them as an empty jest,
Flung from the lips of one possessed !
Let all true men esteem it shame,
To give " the Cause " a milder name,
Than that which stamped it from the first,—
A loathsome thing, a Cause *accurs'd*.

September 15, 1868.



A TALE OF A KITE.

I.

A BUZZARD once sat, where an Eagle had
perched—

(Chorus of hey-diddle-diddle)—

Foul was his plumage, and draggled and
smirched ;

And to those, who his queer antecedents had
searched,

How he ever got there, was a riddle.

Still, *he was there*,

And his thorough-bred stare

At the orthodox, azure-veined lords of the air,

Seemed to smack of “the purple ;” and, when
 with a smile
And a brotherly kiss to the Queen of the Isle,
Whose “sun never sets,” he had *settled the*
 thing,
He talked like a Cæsar, and felt like a king,
And never a monarch, and never a bird
Wore a haughtier crest than Napoleon Third.

II.

But, alas for the Cæsars! they cannot keep
 quiet,—
 (Chorus of hey-diddle-diddle)—
When they’ve once had a taste of imperial diet,
They’re sure to wax fat, and to kick up a riot,
With old Nick to play at the fiddle.
 And ’twas really absurd
 How this overgrown bird,

This terrible glutton, Napoleon Third,
Took to coaxing and bullying, plotting and
lying,
While his dupes were a-groaning, and starving,
and dying;
He cared not a pin, so that he and his chick
Might have plenty of victims, to worry and
pick;
“Make Europe a graveyard, let Mexico howl,
So we feather our nest,” quoth this truculent
fowl.

III.

Well! at last, a fine opening was thrown in his
way—
(Chorus of hey-diddle-diddle)—
A Dove, with a crown, that had seen its best
day,

And with feathers all “soiled” and bespattered
with clay,
Though *I’ll* not abuse her, for aught that they
say,
Since Truth often lies in the middle—
And we, all of us, know
That ’tis “*in medio*
Tutissimus ibis” —a maxim worth quoting,
When talking of people, or driving or boating.—
This Dove, (to return from our classic digres-
sion,)
Too weak for resistance, too proud for conces-
sion,
Was finally *chased*, and, with might and with
main,
Took her ultimate flight from the kingdom of
Spain.

IV.

Now, the Buzzard, who ruled o'er the fortunes
of France,

(Chorus—the same as before,)

Jumped as quick as a trout, as he scented the
chance,

And he marshalled his flocks, and prepared an
advance

On a nest, he had “spotted,” of yore,

Where a grisly old fellow,

With plumes black and yellow.

A full-blooded Eagle, kept aquiline state,

By the side of an equally full-blooded mate.

With a shallow pretence, he manœuvred the
quarrel,

And he vowed that his conduct was righteous
and moral.

For "the Eagle," said he, "has an eye upon
Spain ;
I'll be switched if I stand it—there now, that
is plain."

v.

I suppose that, since Abel was clubbed by his
brother,
(Chorus—the same as before,)
And the phantom of Death came to quench,
and to smother
Mortality's lamp, there has ne'er been another,
Such banquet of carnage and gore.
For, with murderous rage,
Did the parties engage
In a pitiless struggle for power and life,
Unheeding the victims who gasped in the strife,
And the women and children left helpless, for-
lorn,

Too weak to protest, and too abject to mourn.
“Now’s the time to decide who’s the ‘cock of
the walk,’
‘Tis with talons we’ll argue—with blows we
will talk.”

VI.

And the talons *did argue* with eloquence stern,
(Chorus—the same as before,)
Till the poor stricken Buzzard was driven to
learn
A lesson, though wholesome, yet likely to burn
Through the well-padded armor he wore.
And, at last, at Sedan, where he looks for a
chair
Supported by Poles, lo ! the Prussians are there !
And they *take his Sedan*, and they carry him
off,

While the little birds chatter and gossip and
scoff.

'Tis a pretty hard lesson when once you've
been regal,

But a Buzzard, you see, shouldn't tackle an
Eagle!

Moral.

Hey-diddle-diddle! Life's but a riddle!

Guess it the best that you can!

But if, weary with care, you *must* sit in a chair,

Beware how you choose a Sedan!

That's your plan,

If you're really "a sensible man."

September 5, 1870.



CUI BONO?

(RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO MRS. HARRIET
BEECHER STOWE.)

I.

WELL! call it true!—that filthy tale,
Raked from the garbage of the Past,
Though Nature's self might well prevail,
To stamp it Falsehood, to the last.
Aye! brand with foul and loathsome shame,
The Poet's memory, nor spare
The buried sister's spotless fame,
If but the wife's may show more fair.

II.

When all is done, and all is said,
And finished is the vampire-quest ;
When o'er the mute, *defenceless* dead,
The crushing load is firmly pressed ;
When dripping sword and venomed shaft,
Have hacked and pierced the helpless corse,
What good will come ?—what wholesome
draught,
Can e'er distil from such a source ?

III.

A woman's hand has bared the steel ;
A woman's eye has aimed the dart ;
This damning charge, with pious zeal,
Was nurtured in a woman's heart.

'And what the pretext?—what the need?

Simply that one, who loved the Bard,
Hints that his gracious lady's creed,
Was somewhat narrow, cold, and hard.

IV.

No doubt, the work was wisely done;
A righteous work—not over nice,
Nor decent ;—but 'twill make us shun
Those rhymes, that teach insidious vice :
In sooth, till now, we little knew
What shocking secrets lurk within,
Each glowing sketch the artist drew,
Each chronicle of monstrous sin.

V.

“What good?” Why look! The Bard “is
dead
And rotten.” Well, he's had his day.

None can disprove a word that's said,
So now we safely "say our say."
Should carping critics dare pretend
That we are moved by worldly spleen,
At least 'twill serve *sensation's* end,
And advertise a magazine.

August 27, 1869





THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A CER-
TAIN HOLIDAY-BOOK.

I.

OH, Mrs. Stowe! oh, Mrs. Stowe!
How *could* you let this volume go?
Surely, your ladyship must know,
That doubtful tales of guilt and woe,
(When all the actors sleep below
The turf, where gentle daisies blow,
Careless, alike, of friend or foe,
Harmless, if you'll but leave them so),
Don't help to teach morality.

II.

Oh, Mrs. Stowe ! oh, Mrs. Stowe !
While England hangs the mistletoe,
And wassail reigns, and yule-trees glow,
And peace and mirth and kindness flow,
Her people's hearts will bitter grow,
That she, their honored guest—(ah, no !
Not she !—some other—*tell it so !*)
Has smirched their Phœnix to a crow,
Too black to mock reality.

III.

Oh, Mrs. Stowe ! oh, Mrs. Stowe !
At the dread Court, to which we go,
Sure, it were time enough to know

The wanderings of a star, whose glow
Dazzled a world, while high and low
Felt loftier thoughts and feelings grow,
And, circled by its radiant bow,
Spurned at the lips that fain would show
Proofs of the Bard's depravity.

IV.

Oh, Mrs. Stowe ! oh, Mrs. Stowe !
Would God that you had left it so !
If, in your woman's breast, a show
Of pity mingled with the low,
Sad voice of *Duty*, well we know,
With quivering hand, you struck the blow
With tears, you bade this volume go,
Charged with its load of guilt and woe,
To sink—from laws of gravity.

December 31, 1869.



MAGDALA.

AN ABYSSINIAN BALLAD.

PART I. AIR: "*Lord Lovel.*"

KING THEODORE sat in his glory and might,
In jolly good spirits was he;
He had just been enjoying the daintiest sight,
That an African monarch could see—see—
see—
That an African monarch could see.

He was counting the heads of a bevy of wives,
Which were carelessly lying around;
They were tied up, in bunches of fours and of
fives,

And were scattered all over the ground—
ground—ground—

And were scattered all over the ground.

Then slowly and timidly, up to his side,
With a diffidence charming to see,
Crawled sweet Theodora, his very last bride,
And thus to her master said she—she—she--
To her lord and her master said she :

“ We are growing quite lonely, great Sovereign
of all.

Our solitude’s really a bore ;
For our sisters, around us, so rapidly fall,
That now, we count hardly a score—score—
score—

That now, we count hardly a score.

“ Oh, fill up our numbers, by purchase or stealth,
Without any needless delay,

And then, for your happiness, power and
health,

Your petitioners ever will pray — pray —
pray—

Your petitioners ever will pray.”

King Theodore tossed off a skullful of gin,

And nodded assent with a smile,

For he thought of a widow, with “oceans of
tin,”

Who was Queen of a sweet little isle—isle
isle—

Who was Queen of a sweet little isle.

“’Tis a capital notion,” he shouted with glee,

“I’ll hurry and write her a letter;

It’s true she can’t boast of a *long pedigree*,

But ’twill answer, for want of a better—
etter—etter,

But ’twill answer, for want of a better.”

So the letter was filled with effusions of love,
Such as ardent young sons of the South,
Are wont to employ, in a jessamine grove,
When the heart rises up to the mouth—
mouth—mouth—
When the heart rises up to the mouth.

And the monarch sat quietly drinking his gin,
With a gentle occasional sigh,
And married four times (just to keep his hand
in),
While awaiting the precious reply—ply—
ply—
While awaiting the precious reply.

PART II. AIR: “ *Young Lochinvar*.”

Oh, brave General Napier’s come from the
North,

And has marshalled his troops, and is leading
them forth,

And, with camels and elephants, donkeys and
boys,

Is making a terrible clatter and noise ;

’Tis as Mars, not as Cupid, he visits the shore,
And he bears no love-token for King Theo-
dore.

With rockets and Armstrongs, and mortars
enough,

Torpedoes and muskets, and rifles and stuff ;

With powder and caps, which were brought
by the ton,

This true British lion, and son of a gun,

Is bound to give vent to a thundering roar,
When he gets within hearing of King Theodore.

With a flush on his cheek, and a resolute mien,
As he sternly recalls the affront to his Queen,
Each hardy foot soldier strides on at a pace,
Which is less like a march than a regular race.
He laughs at the foes he must grapple before,
He can come to close quarters with King Theodore.

Besides, there are brothers who languish and
faint ;

There are sisters with children, whose innocent
plaint

Has pierced to the ears of the pitying throng,
With its burden of suffering, sorrow and
wrong ;

'Tis a weighty inducement to settle the score,
Which stands to the debit of King Theo-
dore.

At length, all the mountains and deserts are
past,

And Magdala's fortress is sighted at last,

And Napier cries in a confident tone,

"That paltry possession shall soon be our own,
Or you safely may swear, that I battled and
fell,

In a cause which humanity glories to tell."

Things look rather doubtful, and scaly, and
sore,

For the peace of our hero, poor King
Theodore.

The captives are freed, and with eager delight,
They hail the glad welcome of sunshine and
light,

But the stubborn barbarian scorns to admit,
That he's met with a foe, who can rival his wit ;
So he fights to the last, and, when nothing
remains,

He fires a pistol right into his brains (?)
And a mass of brown clay that encumbers his
floor,

Is all that is left of the King Theodore.

MORAL.

If you want to get married, don't venture too
high,

Nor fly in a rage at the lady's reply ;

Don't meddle with foreigners, women or men,

And thrust them like calves in some horrid
old pen ;

That game is played out, and will answer no
more,

'Tis a moral that's left us by King Theodore.

April 30, 1868.





LINES

ADDRESSED TO

CAPTAIN LAHRBUSH,

ON THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF
HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I.

OH, friend ! whose still unshattered form,
A hundred years and four
Of Summer's sun and Winter's storm,
Have left with pulses, quick and warm,
As throbb'd in days of yore ;

II.

We greet thee with a sober joy ;
With earnest, solemn thought ;
With hope that each of us—a boy
Compared with thee—may well employ
The lesson thou hast taught.

III.

The record of thy stainless life,
Its “passing strange ” career ;
Its day of calm, its years of strife,
With stirring thought and action rife,
Demands a tribute here.

IV.

What thronging phantoms of the past,
What weird and shadowy band

Of armies crushed—of navies vast,
That reeled and sank before the blast,
Must rise at thy command !

V.

What glowing pictures of the brain
Must crowd upon thy thought !
Thrones that upheaved to fall again ;
Monarchs enforced to wear the chain,
Themselves had rashly wrought.

VI.

Foremost of all, a simple grave
In lone St. Helen's Isle,
Where thou, a soldier tried and brave,
Didst watch and list the sullen wave,
That ever moaned the while.

VII.

Hushed is the turmoil, wind and tide
Have sped thee on thy way ;
Till, now, thy wandering bark doth ride
In sheltered haven, safe and wide,
That mocks the tempest's sway.

VIII.

Strange, that the nation of thy choice,
To which her weary prow
Bore thee, a pilgrim, to rejoice,
Freeman at last, in heart and voice,
Has fewer years than thou !

IX.

Teach us that heritage to prize
Our fathers bled to win ;

Teach us, like thee, with trusting eyes,
To wait the orb, whose healing rise
Shall purge the mists of sin.

X.

Dear comrade, friend, and honored guest,
Relic of ages, past ;
While, round our board, with boyish zest,
We pass the wine-cup and the jest,
(Still mirthful to the last),

XI.

Smooth be life's pathway to thy feet,
And, distant far the year,
When such of us as live to meet,
Shall miss thy form, and fail to greet
Its welcome presence here !

March 9, 1870.



TO

CAPTAIN LAHRBUSH,

ON HIS ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

I.

DEAR Captain ! pray excuse our noise :

We're but a giddy lot of boys,

Who havn't quite forsworn the joys,

Of juvenile frivolity.

'Tis natural, that we should strive

To reach thy hundred years and five ;

And, so, we aim to keep alive,

By dint of mirth and jollity.

II.

Another year has rolled along,
Since last we welcomed thee in song;
Another year has swelled the throng,
 That tells of Time's mortality!
Yet, still unbroken, undefaced—
'Gainst ev'ry shock securely braced—
Thine image moves amid the waste,
 A living, warm reality!

III.

A year of mem'ries, dark and dread,
Which hang around the Gallic dead,
Who bravely fought and idly bled,
 To glut a tyrant's vanity!
A year, that smote Rome's triple crown

And hurled its shattered fragments down,
And made the terrors of her frown,
A jest to all humanity!

IV.

But, why prolong a strain severe,
In musing o'er the buried year,
Since now we're met, to greet thee here
With toast and fun and pleasantry?
Some other day, we'll cogitate
On solemn points of Church and State,
And settle, in our grave debate,
The rights of Prince and Peasantry.

V.

Just now, we want, in grateful rhyme,
To render thanks to Father Time,

Who spares thee, in thy wintry prime,
A landmark for posterity !
Convinced, that when we've run our race,
And other *boys* are in our place,
They, too, shall read upon thy face
No sign of his severity.

VI.

And, should our General * renew
His welcome call for a Review,
May we (whose years must seem so few
When matched with thy maturity),
Be here, as now, to grasp thy hand,
Proud, at thy side, again to stand—
A body-guard, at thy command—
A pledge for thy security !

March 9, 1871.

* Gsn. J. Watts de Peyster, the host of the occasion.



JUNE TENTH, 1870.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

THERE'S a crowd of troubled faces at the corner of the street,
Where the brief and hasty bulletin is scrawled upon the sheet,
With a terrible distinctness, that arrests the busy feet,
Of thousands moving on.

II.

It came stealing o'er the wire, with a slow and sullen spark,*

* Charles Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870. The announcement of his death was delayed, for several hours, owing to a derangement of the telegraphic communication.

Like a storm-cloud that is brooding, when the
sky is grim and dark,
And the fatal bolt is lurking, to engulf the
gallant bark.

Which still goes moving on.

III.

And the men, who feel the burden of a new
and heavy woe,
Get them sadly to their dwellings, with reluctant
step and slow,
For they're thinking of the tidings that shall
startle like a blow,

While they keep moving on.

IV.

Dead—thoughtless—senseless—silent ! No, it
cannot be ! the brain,

Which has wrought so long and deftly, must
be animate again

With its constant, tender sympathy for every
brother's pain.

It *must* keep moving on !

V.

Why, the man was our great teacher in the
battle-school of life !

He has shown us how to struggle, how to *con-*
quer in a strife,

Which, for every son of Adam, is with deadly
peril rife,

As Time goes moving on.

VI.

Who shall lift the fallen sceptre? Who shall
grasp the wand of might?

Who shall conjure up new phantoms, to allure
us or affright,
From the realms of joyous sunshine, from the
shades of grisly night,
And keep them moving on?

VII.

God doeth all things wisely!—and we know 'tis
for the best,
That the loving heart is pulseless and the
weary brain at rest.
They have gained an immortality in every
human breast—

They'll still keep moving on!

June 10, 1870.



THE ONEIDA MASSACRE.

“Not a cry was heard, as the good ship went down.”—

Testimony of Captain's Clerk, Mr. W. W. CROWNINSHIELD.

I.

NOT a cry was heard, as the ship went down !

There they stood—every man at his post !

What, to them, was the pitiless frown

Of the demon of darkness, that wrings us
most,

As we think of a death, in the gloom of night,

With the shuddering stars for our only light,

And know that, unmarked by human eye,

We shall wrestle alone with our agony ?

II.

There they stood—every man at his post!

Over the waters securely rode

The bloodless monster, whose flippant boast

Was a blasphemous challenge to man and
God.

“I’ve sunk a d—d Yankee—and serve her
right!”

Such was the burden of the song,

Which the British sailor, in coward flight,

Sang, as he bowled on his way along.

III.

There they stood—every man at his post!

Veteran Captain and beardless youth—

Each, in that hour, himself a host,

Clad in the armor of Duty and Truth.

There they stood, as the ship went down,
Reeling and plunging to meet her doom,
Gilding our annals with fresh renown,
Plucked from the jaws of their yawning
tomb.

IV.

There they stood—every man at his post !
Brothers and countrymen, pause and mark !
Is it enough that, with speech and toast,
We pledge to their memory? Cold and
stark,
They are floating now, if the ravenous maw
Of the grim sea-tiger, has left them a chance
To be washed to the bounds of a distant
shore,
By the heaving billows' slow advance.

V.

There they stood—every man at his post !

Here we sit, and, at even-tide

Talk, now and then, of the ship that was lost,

And the “poor, faithful fellows” who sank
and died.

Is it enough ? Do we lack for a stone,

Whose sculptured record might tell their
tale

To future ages, when we are gone,

And the star of the Present is dim and
pale ?

VI.

Let not the brand of a selfish race—

Of a people absorbed in the lust of gold—

Spread to the world, as a foul disgrace,

That the heart of our nation is dead and
cold.

Here is a lesson, which we, who teach
The darling children that climb our knees,
May add to the list of the texts, that preach
The noblest and purest of homilies !

April 22, 1870.





THOUGHTS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

“ And He said, ‘ Draw not nigh hither : put off thy shoes from thy feet ; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.’ ”

“ And God said unto Moses, ‘ I AM THAT I AM : ’ and He said, ‘ Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.’ ”—*Exodus iii. 5 and 14.*

I.

HALT, my Soul ! arrest thy footsteps—tread
not thus on holy ground !

Where thou standest, build thine Altar—
there, in suppliance, be found !

Put aside thy way-worn sandals—bare thy
feet in nakedness :

Chant thine Old Year's *miserere*, while its
lengthening shadows press.

II.

Lo, the great "I AM" hath spoken! Horeb's
 mount, with shuddering awe,
 Trembled at that dread announcement, clothed
 with Majesty and Law,
 When, from bush that, unconsuming, blazed—
 a miracle of flame—
 To His chosen prophet-leader, first Jehovah
 breathed His name.

III.

"I AM THAT I AM!" Oh, Maker, mighty
 Sovereign, Source of all!
 Not from lips of human weakness, words like
 these should idly fall;
 Not by us, the worms, the creatures, whom
 Thy matchless skill hath wrought.
 Lightly should that name be uttered, or that
 solemn truth be taught.

IV.

"I am that I am!" The worldling, nursing
 many a secret sin,
 Echoes it with loud bravado, covering anxious
 doubts within.

"I am *that I am*—no better—*what* I am is
 God's decree!"

Blasphemy befits the coward, clutching at
 that empty plea!

V.

What am I, whose very being, fraught with
 mystery and pain,
 Fills me with a dumb amazement, puzzling
 weary heart and brain?

Wherefore live I, move I onward, one amidst
a motley throng,
Hurried by a tireless current, sweeping good
and bad along?

VI.

Life is brief! but, swiftly gliding, rolling on
with glowing wheels,
Time seems *long* to many a victim, trampled
by its coursers' heels :
Long, to reach the goal that shineth, pure and
white, in spotless bloom ;
Long, between the bounds that sever cradle-
couch and quiet tomb.

VII.

Yet the old, *old* Truth abideth!—balm for
every wounded breast—

“He who loveth most his neighbor, loveth
wisest, loveth best !”

Charity, with moveless finger, points the way
to realms, above ;

Points the straight and narrow pathway, radiant
with the light of Love.

VIII.

Then, O Soul ! in grave communion with the
lingering; dying year,

Put away thy tattered vesture—robe thyself
in holy fear—

Strive to win the “wedding-garment,” washed
from every human stain,

Passport to that better country, where unceasing
glories reign.



ANNUS IRÆ.

I.

THERE'S a stain of blood in the wintry sky—

There's a scent of blood in the freezing
air—

The hollow blast goes moaning by,

Sick with its burden of despair.

For the leash has been slipped from the dogs
of war,

And their muzzles are red with human gore ;

And, fast by the couch of the dying year,

Gather the phantoms of Woe and Fear.

II.

Who is to blame, that a world so fair

Writhes in the throes of a monster-birth ?

Who is to blame, that a crimson glare
 Mocks at the gloom of a shuddering earth?
Who is to blame? Ah me! I wot,
Saxon or Gaul, *it matters not*.
Never was lacking to Adam's seed,
A glib excuse for a selfish deed.

III.

Year, that hast trodden a bloody path,
 Flaunting thy banner of empty pride!
Year, that hast crushed, in thy frenzied wrath,
 Legions of victims who fought and died!
Dark is thy record to eyes that mourn,
 Hateful thy name to the widowed breast,
Draining its milk for the nursling, born
 'Mid the horrors, that hung on thine awful
 crest!

IV.

God still reigneth ! and we who wait,
Weary with vigil, but not dismayed,
Beat at the bars of the crystal gate,
Hoping and trusting in Mercy's aid ;
Hoping to welcome the sway of Peace,
Trusting the promise of days to come,
When the angry blare of the trump shall
cease,
And the wail of the perishing ranks be
dumb.

New Year's Eve, 1870.





PARIS.

A " LAMENTATION."

I.

FASTER and fiercer, an iron hail
Hurtles out of the brooding sky!
Languishing, famishing, ghastly pale,
Stripped of her glittering vest of mail,
How doth the beautiful city lie!
Hushed is the revel—the dance is o'er—
Laughter and singing are heard no more—
Only the cry of a wild despair,
Rings through the mirk of the startled air.

II.

Lover and friend, who are put away—

Ye who have basked in her sunny smile—
Is it naught to you that a wrathful day,
Terrible—grim—with its pallid ray,

Glares on her nakedness the while?
Grant she was proud in her day of might—
Grant she was wanton, and vain, and light—
Still, in the depths of that wayward breast,
Angels of mercy were wont to rest.

III.

Weak is the strength of the human heart—

Subtle the sway of the tempter's power—
Queen of the cities, she played her part,
Mistress of fashion, and science, and art,
Pouring her wealth in a ceaseless shower.

Hives, for the stores of the busy mind—
Homes for the homeless—the halt—the blind—
These were her jewels—each a gem,
Worthy a Satrap's diadem.

IV.

Staggering, reeling before the foe,
Who can regard her with tearless eye?
Who can look on at the savage blow,
Crushing her, grinding her down so low,
Wagging his head as he passes by?
Famine and sword, ye may do your worst!
For when clouds have gathered, the storm
must burst—
But, frail are the links of your iron chain,
And the wing, ye would fetter, shall soar again!

January 28, 1871.



TO INEZ.

MY heart was like Bethesda's pool ;
Calmly its waters slept ;
Around their edge—a loathsome crowd—
Foul thoughts and passions crept.
Disease and sin lay waiting there,
To hail the promised balm,
Which, heaven-descending, should impart,
Its precious, healing charm.

Thine angel-form approached the pool ;
The sluggish waves were stirred,
The accents of thy gentle voice,
The startled waters heard.

And, one by one, each child of sin,
That reached that wondrous tide—
Each unclean offspring of disease—
Washed and was purified.

Stay, dearest, stay! Oh, make thy home,
Within this longing breast!
No more will, then, its troubled waves
Subside to slothful rest;
But, heaving with resistless power,
And, widening in their sway,
Before their might, shall foul disease
And sin be swept away.





TO ———

I.

A SHATTERED wreck on a weary sea,

Hopless and aimless, I drifted on—

Present and future alike to me—

For joy was extinguished, and faith was
gone!

Round me, and o'er me, with angry frown,

Hovered the clouds of a mournful past;

Thicker, their shadows kept crawling down—

Darker, the veil of their gloom was cast!

II.

A light broke out of the sullen sky—

A gentle ripple the waters stirred—

And a beautiful bark came gliding by,
Fair as the form of an ocean-bird.
Once again, with a sudden thrill,
I felt the heave of the bounding wave:
Once again, did my pulses fill
With the life and the rapture thy presence
gave.

III.

Side by side, through a sunny day,
Sailed we together—then came the night!
Sleepless, I watched for the morrow's ray—
Gone was the phantom that mocked my
sight!
Vision of happiness! vision of grace!
Why didn't thou waken a slumbering breast?
Better for me, if thine angel-face,
Never had troubled my slothful rest!



MOTTO FOR BRANDT'S PICTURE OF
"RESIGNATION."

THE night is past, and joyous day
 Salutes the rising sun ;
Homeward the mourner wends her way,
With lingering step, and lips that pray
 "Father, thy will be done !"

Within her breast, a holy calm
 Has, with the day, begun ;
No anxious doubt, no fear of harm,
While clinging to His sheltering arm,
 Who spake : "Thy will be done !"



THE RAT-HOLE SQUADRON.*

I.

STEADILY, grimly, o'er the waters,
Moves a veteran fleet :
Steadily, grimly, steering southward,
Strangest doom to meet !

II.

Laden down to their very gunwales—
Groaning 'neath their freight—
Food for sport to the mocking billows ;
Ministers of Fate !

* The name given to the fleet of superannuated, stone-laden whalers, employed for the obstruction of Charleston harbor.

III.

Side by side, like a band of brothers,
Knit by a common vow,
Steadily, grimly, to its haven,
Points each weary prow.

IV.

All, from main-truck down to kelson,
Seamed with ghastly scars :—
Canvas sere and straining cordage—
Rotting planks and spars.

V.

Racked by thousand fierce encounters—
Worn by tempest-shocks—
Crippled by the raging billows,
Treacherous shoals and rocks.

VI.

Many a year, among the icebergs,
By the wild Northern light,
They have chased the ocean-monsters,
In their desperate flight.

VII.

Fierce pursuit and boisterous triumph—
Swift their glad return—
Echoing shouts announce the headland,
Where the watchfires burn.

VIII.

Burdened, now, with many winters—
Shattered wrecks of Time—
Mightier service shall they render,
Than in proudest prime.

IX.

Damming up a venomed fountain—
Hemming Treason in :—
Forcing back its loathsome current,
Foul and black with sin.

X.

Teaching wide the bitter lesson,
(Wholesome, though 'tis late,)
“ Rebel hordes and noxious vermin,
Find a common fate !”

XI.

O'er them, now, shall roll the billows
Once they proudly rode—
Sea-birds shriek to see them reeling,
Plunging with their load.

XII.

Steadily, grimly, o'er the waters

Vengeance wings their flight :

He, who shaped our Nation's future,

Guides their course aright !

1862.





“WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE OF
IT!”

—CAPT. CUTTLE.

I.

CLOSE to your heart, in the journey of life,
Safe, 'mid the issues that vary the strife,
Fail not to carry a scroll, to record
Such flickering joys as its moments afford.
If, through the wild storm and the rage of the
fight,
The flame of true Friendship burn steadily
bright,
Then cherish the remnant of Faith that is
left,

And, though of all else you are shorn and
bereft,

“When found, make a note of it!”

II.

When slander and malice have vented their
worst,

And o'er you the vials of Hatred have burst ;
When the foes that have worried and snarled,
at their will,

Have reaped their reward, and lie sated and
still ;

When, bleeding and faint, yet erect to the
last,

You stand face to face with the pitiless past ;

Then faithfully, earnestly strive to discern

The lesson your Father has meant you should
learn :

“When found, make a note of it!”

III.

And oh! when temptation is plying its wiles,
And you feel the warm glow of its treacherous
 smiles,
When the sky is all black, but the earth is
 still bright,
And you yearn for a share of its gladness and
 light ;
Then kneel in your bitterness, weary and
 lone,
And pray that some voice, with a comforting
 tone,
May strengthen your soul, and endow you
 with force,
To “fight a good fight,” and to “*finish* your
 course.”

“When found, make a note of it!”

IV.

Be patient and strong! in this Drama of ours,
Are parts which demand varied talents and
powers :

But *the best*, e'en the humblest of players can
fill,

For they need no rehearsal, and challenge no
skill :

There are tears you can dry—there are lives
you can bless—

There are burdens to lighten and wrongs to
redress ;

Then, dwell not in selfish repining and wrath,
But, with Charity's lamp, seek the clew to
your path :

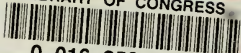
“When found, make a note of it !”

V.

And, when falls the curtain that closes the
play,
And the world-wearied actor is passing away,
May the Scribe who records all the dealings of
men,
Ere he seals up the volume and lays down the
pen,
If, amid your sad record, his pity can see
One act or intent, which may serve as a plea
For mercy or pardon, to urge at the Court,
Where your case *must* be tried, and your
future be wrought,
“When found, make a note of it!”

THE END.

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